No More Fairer: a set of poetry

(by David Richard)

This is a set of poetry written a few years earlier.

The reason I'm self-publishing it now, because of the discovery of the journey my life followed, and now I have to take a new turn. Read my blog, davidrichardindividual.blogspot.com.

Listen my daughter
Women, you are Woman
No more fairer you get
Men go on top
Words of mouth
In search of what
A woman of a tribe in love

Listen my daughter

Listen my daughter

You’re not my son

I’m blessed there;

Listen to your father

What I’m going to tell

Only you can understand;

Daughter I’ve never carried

false pride or white skin,

On flesh or inside this mind;

Burned up this flesh

walking by,

Short stature

and roof been this sky;

Walked upon this feet

all that many miles;

To see what surrounds the least

To listen what it speaks;

Seen the lies

And then the lies,

And then the majesty in all the lies;

Story of men all there I've seen

What to say for truth,

all our temples helped to resist;

Gone hungry many a times,

Food never fed my belly no better

than hunger feeds my soul alright;

Humble I've been,

and being humble I've seen;

What seem so truthful,

hides thousand lies

and one truth;

I ventured all around—

In heavy boots and places barefoot;

Read all books and worshipped none

I can read all their faces;

All the same

with all the glory lay to waste;

My daughter

don’t bear child of any of them;

They will build temple of their truth,

build so large and story all the truth;

My daughter,

truth of their existence you must not fulfill.

***

Women, you are Woman

Women, you are Woman

Mother may have told

But to father now you listen;

Great lover of poetry you are

But, Poets are all men

To whom to listen, to whom not;

They may have come traveled far

Talk of stars, moon and all;

They may come in grief

What in those mountains to miss;

They seen the rocks, plains and trees,

Critters beneath their feet

and birds many as to sky set no limit;

They have walked this land on feet,

Hardship of carrying this flesh on two,

jealousy for four-legged none the least;

Joy is the breathing this air

Knowing this flesh;

Thinking what thoughts to carry

and to keep;

At belly, weaker we've gotten by time

Definitely, not born to eat;

Lean body on short stature

balancing weight on two

dancing their way through;

They reaches far and beyond,

and one reaches higher ground.

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No more fairer you get

No more fairer you get,

being in sun or being in rain;

On land you cannot be at,

with clothes so clean on your chest;

White means naked

Colours are character,

Warmth needs soul

Colds are dead,

Kills the soul

For heart to sustain;

In search whom venture far or within,

comes with dirt, mud, and nature’s tannings;

Wisdom written to their faces,

visible in their gaits;

Hypocrites do not travel long,

turns back in vanity what for;

Glory out there they cannot see,

glory in their flesh owe to be;

Draping over some clean clothes,

Disgust around lips hidden with beards long;

Speaks of divine kind,

Images are theirs' are to shine;

In the image of God,

Image of man has come alive;

Women, animals, land,

All are tamed, for men to thrive;

Cold shivering they were raised,

Many petticoats they'd worn to save up their flesh;

Skin lost all its shades,

They were white men.

***

Men go on top

Men go on top,

come back down learning;

Learning if they did right,

sinful they found every deed;

Mercy had those animals,

misery had given to us;

They seem to have the purpose,

what purpose we find to live;

Why are we and for what;—

Born with guilt, to hunt, to feed,

how can we say even to exist;

Finding existence is the fight,

for the very poorest soul of our kind;

To hunt, to feed, and this much guilt

we can’t bear;

We can’t bear our own weight

to the land with no means;

Through women we could survive,

our few very chosen kind;

Women are the bearer of land,

men who can bear this weight;

Who look to see, to think and feel;

Go to depth further than sea;

Who learned to know their own self,

Not born to occupy, to adore and maintain.

***

Words of mouth

Words of mouth,

so disgusting it sound;

Given to us,

not to other primates;

We speak so clean,

it can mean anything;

Evolved as we needed it,

needed it for what;

To share what we see,

knowledge and our understanding;

To speak what we’d seen beyond,

come along if follow one’s believe;

To weave the canvas of society,

what makes us more divine;

Here you are and here we,

glory of mouth that we can say;

No predator there above us,

why in this great foodchain;

Glory there it is to see,

when we be the predator among us;

Enemy there animals see

if there’s threat to their life;

Enemy say and enemy you make a man be;

Life and liberty, all the wealth

Little food is all to sustain;

Look to see, to feel;

Venture within, that is all for you here.

***

In search of what

In search of what

you work so hard;

Find if stand still

all beneath your feet;

Don’t go round

laughable it seems;

If feel hungry

think of what to eat;

If not the fruit

then come to meat;

Trees must be all around,

around must be a World;

Humble there you must be,

Only then with eyes and ears

you will hear and learn to see.

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A woman of a tribe in love

Heavy legs

Feet firmly placed

I, Woman, took seldom stand;

With rules, rituals and fears—

of all kinds;

I belong to a tribe,

that evolves more often with wars

than time;

But, Woman I feel,

carrying child of a man;

Man, a messenger, of far lands

—who I loved;

He journeyed me of all

the far lands—

through his words;

I love him

he loves me,

Appearance of me

he said, in this outlook

will be sculptured

for forever to be;

This child is not of a man—

of kind, feed to his belly full;

of fathers', forefathers', of man of men';

His father is—

as I dreamed in my dreams;

Slender, sleek forehead and cheeks,

lightly bearded and hairy the rest;

Owned nothing, occupy no lands

Rich in poverty, roamed his poor soul

Poor at heart, smile magnificently

even at his misfortune;

Survived the childhood in anger,

for anger he'd been trolled,

for seeing,

and for what he wasn't seeing;

He told his story of falling youth

Fallen he'd gone so in depth within his soul;

To a fallen, surrounds, come all the might;

In general, their shared commonality—

a very ordinary man and womankind;

To show generosity,

to pull one beyond;

He who sees,

let leave no horizon;

Gather up all hands and feet,

build temple here so large;

He who loved me,

taught me;

to stand upright,

to face the shoulder to the horizon,

bust stretch to rising sun;

In waiting of,

my man, his message, a story, and world beyond.

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